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THE WATER SPIRIT.

I.

A CRYSTAL vase upon my desk
Is shelter for a Spirit fair,
You may not see her—but my pet
Hudora has her dwelling there.
She will not wander from the cup;
The water in this gleaming vase
Is food, and drink for her, and bed,
And bath, and silvery hiding-place.

II.

The day before Hudora came,
The cup, where lurks my tiny pet,
In water held my lover's gift—
A fragrance-breathing violet.
The floweret died; but its sweet breath
Was seen in spirit-form to rise;
Hudora thus was born—the proof
Is found within her azure eyes.

III.

Hudora loves me: when I pour
Fresh water in her cell, she springs
Upon the brim, and with her foot
A sparkling drop of water flings
Upon my wrist, in playful mood,
While through the spray, her sunny smile
Prismatic gleams, and silver sounds
Of liquid laughs are heard the while.

IV.

Each morn I fill Hudora's glass,
And often, when the day is bright,
I place it in the window, where
She may coquet—'tis her delight—
With any foolish, sunny beam,
And steal a topaz from the ray,
To give it to the Zephyr sweet,
Who'll kiss her, as he comes her way.

V.

My pet is fond of summer flowers,
And now, with careful hand, I lay
A drooping rose within her cup;—
The fairy can no longer play,
But she must cling about the stem
Of this poor rose, and fondly try
To keep the life within the flower,
And gently kiss, and sadly sigh.

VI.

But soon the fainting bud revives,
Escaping its impending death,
And gathering strength, its ruby lips
Again exhale their sweetest breath.
The happy Sprite, with moistened eyes,
Within the opening rose-bud creeps,
And wrapping round her tender form
The velvet petals, softly sleeps.

R. G. PERKINS.

THE ART-SEER.

Oh seer! thou hast a spirit of thine own,
That ever robes thee with the joy of child,
Who dances to the shadow it has thrown,—
So thou by thy creations art beguiled.

Thy works are as these shadows; at their birth
Thou hast a rapture felt, thy kind alone
Can know the like of, while they render earth
A garden that surroundeth Beauty's throne.

As on thy eye, within thy being lie
Reflected there the scenes about thy sphere,
And all thy works, as teardrops of that eye,
Show still reflections, and though less, as clear.

As in the evening hour, when people pray,
Comes forth a star to show each prayer is heard,
Each work thou sendest on its unknown way,
May find some throbbing breast responsive stirred!

What cause of happiness thou thus canst be!
For uncheered hearts reclaimed, as flower bedewed,
Shall glad God's universe, as much as thee,
And swell the bounds of all beatitude!

Thou art unto thy friend, as Richter said,
His sun and sunflower;—thou both show'st the way,
And art beside by his own radiance led,
And sympathy but warms our common clay.

Thy nature is so bland, so rich, so fair,
So like a day when summer is not through,
Though autumn comes, half laughing, half in prayer,
As glad for what thou hast, and thankful too.

And like the starry foot-prints of the bird
Along the brookside, where it comes to drink,
We see thy traces by the currents stirred
Within the minds that thou hast taught to think.

And in these minds, thou bringest plain to view
Many a trace that was before concealed,
Passing like mists or showers of evening dew,
Dotting our natures, as the webby field!

Thy Art, I liken to that fleece of old,—
And men are seeking still, as Jason sought—
It catches many a glistening speck of gold,
That floats adown the current of thy thought.

Thy works are great—'tis greater whence they came—
For Art still loses something of the soul,
Like that unknown, ethereal power, the flame
Evolves, which turns a diamond to coal!

Where'er thou searchest, there thou findest truth,
Thy art, as mother-tongue, but shows thy birth,
As native of all countries, always youth,
Whose wanderings lead thee to remotest earth.

As one in diving to the realms below,
Breathes through his tube the atmosphere above,
Thou seem'st through this our earthly life to go,
Inhaling still the air of heavenly love!

Watch warily thy gift! The soulless dead
Knows not the pictured world still on his eye,
The artist, reft of Beauty's soul instead,
Passes unconscious Nature's glories by.

JUSTIN WINSON.